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a pair of horses to somebody's "combined reaper and mower," carrying in his hand a stop watch, instead of with the venerable old scythe and hour-glass.

The day has not yet come, however, when hay is brought to the mow by steam, though that soon may be, and we can still see the loaded wagon coming from the upland meadow beyond the woodland, along the winding lane over which the boughs meet in graceful arches, drawn by the patient oxen, whose mild eyes and fragrant breath the Marshfield statesman so loved, and accompanied by the happy farmer and his laborers, while the house-dog capers around them as pleased as any of the *cortège*. We advise our readers to study Mr. Steeple's picture both for its merits and as a memorial of a fast-vanishing age.

ART IN CHICAGO—THE ALDINE PARK.

To thousands in the East the name of Chicago suggests only the most prosaic of commercial cities, whose principal pride is in its fortunes of mushroom growth, and the huge masses of iron and stone which were so rapidly piled toward heaven after being swept away by the fire. These have been the pride of Chicago, and there is no denying that, in a great measure, they are so still. Yet new as it is, as years are counted, there are many who have been gently planting the germs of artistic and æsthetic tastes, and are already being rewarded in the fact that Chicago has, somehow, come to be regarded as an important and, what is quite as encouraging, a rapidly growing art centre of the country.

That this is true may be shown by the glow of interest which pervades all classes in everything tending to beautify the city itself; its homes, its streets, its public parks, and its unsurpassed public buildings. Of the larger parks in the city, which would compare favorably with your own Central Park, Prospect Park in Brooklyn, or Fairmount Park in Philadelphia, I will not attempt to tell you; but of one of the smaller sort, scattered through the city, I can not forbear sending you a little pen picture. You ought to feel complimented at having your name given to it, for Aldine Square is situated in a most picturesque neighborhood, and contains one of the most elegant and attractive groups of private residences in the country. These are on three sides of the square, built of a variety of stone, and in different styles of architecture, but all tending to produce a harmonious effect.

In the centre of the square is a wooded park with its native growth of oak trees. A lakelet spanned by rustic bridges, fountains, lawns, walks with tessellated pavement, and beds of flowers glowing with color, unite to form a spot of beauty worthy of its name. The entrance is guarded by two massive granite towers, on which are depicted the well-known ALDINE coat of arms—the anchor and dolphin—and this design is frequently repeated throughout the grounds. As may be readily imagined, Aldine Square is pointed to with pride by the residents of the southern quarter of the city, and admiring strangers are often driven through its hospitable grounds.

Do not fancy, though, from the fact that everything is on the grandest scale possible here, that love for the beautiful finds expression only in landscape gardening and architecture. At present there is renewed interest in the Academy of Design, an institution of great merit, but which unfortunately is financially in deep waters, being largely in debt. Many of the creditors are offering to forego their claims, and the prospect is that it will be placed upon its feet and insured a permanent existence. If this can be accomplished, it is proposed to purchase a large collection of casts abroad which will form the nucleus of an attractive art collection. The Academy has contributed each year largely to the Art Department of the Inter-State Exposition held here, and is now making preparations for the coming one.

The Art Committee have recognized the propriety of early information to artists throughout the country, and are busy preparing instructions for their guidance. Among other suggestions is a strong protest against portraits of any kind; and an intimation is given that full-length portraits, or those of an extraordinary size, will not be accepted at all. It will be remembered that last year Eastern artists were represented here to a considerable extent and many sales effected.

The Chicago Society of Decorative Art is composed of some of the earnest women of the city, and is doing the same sort of

work that similar organizations are accomplishing in New York and Boston—directing public attention to the principles of good taste in industrial designs as well as giving instruction to women with artistic predilections. Some of the work on exhibition would do credit to a much older institution; and as pottery decoration is becoming so fashionable, you may be sure that is not a neglected branch. By the way, we have just had a series of lectures here illustrated with a potter actually at work with his wheel.

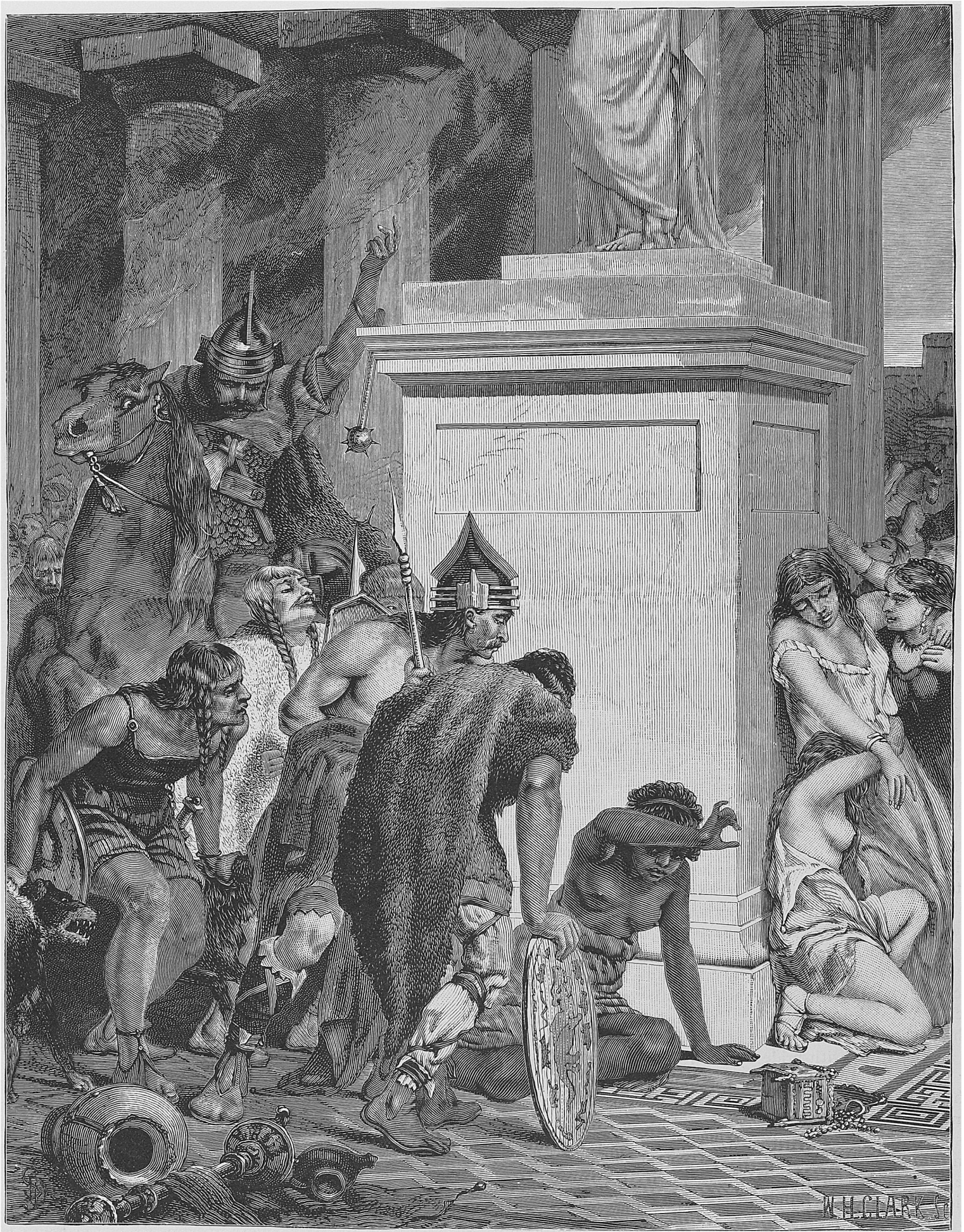
David Neal, the Munich artist, has been staying in our city for some time, as you probably are aware. In conversation he names, as the foremost American artists now in Munich, Rosenthal and Chase of Cincinnati, and Shirlaw of New York; Dyer, a young artist of Chicago, shows much promise. The latter is a pupil of Mr. Neal.

I could and would send you some gossip about the doings of our artists; but, aside from the fact that it is the dull season, I know it would be old news before you could publish it.

—*Miriam Lotus.*

ASTONISHED BARBARIANS.

MR. E. V. LUMINAIS is no stranger to American picture buyers and those interested in art matters on this side of the Atlantic, although fewer of his pictures have been exhibited here than might have been expected from the consideration of the partiality our people show, as a rule, for the works of French artists. Two of Mr. Luminais' pictures were, however, in the French Department of the Philadelphia Exposition, where they were seen by thousands and attracted no little attention. They were "Savages and Cattle," and "King Morvan;" and an excellent engraving from the latter was published in THE ALDINE, as many of our readers will remember. That picture, like the present one, related to the doings of the semi-barbarous races which were finally amalgamated and civilized to form the polite nations of the Europe of the present day. The present picture, however, belongs to an earlier period in point of time than the "King Morvan." In that, it will be remembered, we had the old king receiving an ambassador from the King of France, with whom he was treating on terms of equality. The present picture gives a scene from the history of a much earlier time—a time when France had not yet emerged from chaos, so to speak; the time when Rome was yet a name of power, and the barbarians, though constantly struggling against her, had yet to fight hard battles for small gains. Those early, more than half-savage times possess, for some reason, a peculiar charm for Mr. Luminais, who has studied them with great care, and who seems to have fully comprehended and entered into the spirit of the savage warriors who gave Cæsar and his successors so much trouble. He delights in painting them under all the various conditions of their savage life. In the picture before us, for instance, we have vividly depicted the astonishment produced on the minds of those savage tribes by the different phases of Roman civilization and luxury as they were unfolded to their gaze in the course of their wars. In this case it is evident that a battle has been fought and won by the barbarians, who are now proceeding to avail themselves of the privileges of conquerors by sacking the town they have taken. They have made their way, in all the riotous fury begotten of their victory, to the women's apartments of the house of some wealthy citizen, and, while the frightened females huddle together, screaming, the rude invaders have been brought to a pause, equally amazed if not equally frightened, at the sight of a black girl whom they have found among the white slaves. It is very evident that a phenomenon, as inexplicable as unexpected, is here presented to their minds. The idea of slavery was no more unfamiliar to them than to the Romans, nor was it any more repugnant to their feelings; but they could conceive only of white slaves, as they had never seen other than white people, and the idea of a creature in the form of a young and beautifully shaped woman wearing the hue of night—that black which symbolized to them all that was mysterious, awful, and unfathomable in nature—was something so entirely outside all their previous experiences as to have power to stay them even in the midst of their barbarous orgies. Not even the greed for the loot to be obtained by continuing the sack of the palace and city could suffice to prevent the investigation of so unheard-of a phenomenon.



GOTHIC WARRIORS SURPRISED. — AFTER E. V. LUMINAIS.

In this picture, as in previous ones, Mr. Luminais shows a thorough study of the history, the manners and customs, the costumes and the general characteristics of the peoples from among whom he chooses subjects for his pencil, and he also shows great care in drawing, and a power of expression not always found allied with it. In the picture of "King Morvan," for instance, each of the three figures introduced is a study by itself. There is, first, the old king, rude, uncultivated, irresolute, almost imbecile, entirely under the rule of his younger, more ambitious, and more cold-blooded wife, hesitating between his fear of Philip's power and his sluggish disinclination to active warfare on the one hand, and his senile and uxorious abandonment to the wiles and charms of his spouse on the other. Next comes the ambassador, the Abbe Witchar, a most shrewd and wily diplomat and politician, who had almost succeeded in his mission, when all his plans were set

at naught by the sudden appearance of the queen; and lastly, but greatest and most prominent of the three, comes the queen herself, who, by her endearments and caresses, undid in a moment all that the envoy had accomplished in a long interview—so that the French chronicler was not unnaturally moved to call her "a perfidious and venomous soul." These are the three characters in that picture, and each one of the three is equally a study of life and of character, as well as in technical execution. The vapid, irresolute, idealess face of the king, faintly aroused by the endearments of the queen; the chagrin and anger betrayed by the abbe in attitude and gesture, and the coldly malignant expression of the queen's face as she shoots glances of mingled hatred and triumph beneath her bent brows, mentally calculating the effect of each caress, and exultingly calling the attention of the envoy to them while she triumphs in his evident discomfiture.



THE DULL BOOK.—AFTER A. TOULMOUCHE.

THE DULL BOOK.

The picture before us contains more figures, but they are not less expressive, from the mounted warrior—evidently a leader—insolently swinging his spiked mace, to the shrinking negress, ignorant of what manner of men these, her new captors, may be, and what fate may await her to whom capture is too surely no new experience—and the frightened white women, more apprehensive, because more knowing, of the brutality of the invaders. It is a most telling picture, and deserves careful study and due recognition not less for its artistic merits than as a picture which, while not historical, occupies much the same position to the historical picture that an historical novel does to the ordinary novel of every-day life, and so gives us an agreeable variety from the ordinary *genre* composition.

IN giving our readers an engraving from a picture by Mr. Toulmouche, we introduce them to an artist who is new to our pages, although by no means a stranger to Americans and to those who have paid close attention to art exhibitions here. Quite a number of his pictures have been and are owned here, no less than three of them having been exhibited at the Academy of Design's Centennial Loan Exhibition. These were, "The Pet Kitten," owned by Mrs. Paran Stevens; "Forget me not," the property of Mr. D. H. McAlpin; and "A Marriage of Reason," belonging to Mr. Edward Matthews. All of these were seen by the thousands who visited this exhibition; but the greater num-